



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

Vol. XXVIII. No. 21. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

Whole No. 657.

Advocate and Guardian.

EDITED BY MRS. SARAH R. I. BENNETT.

Published, Semi-Monthly,
BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE
American Female Guardian Society,

AT THE

House of Industry and Home for the Friendless,
29 East 29th Street, and 32 East 30th Street, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

MRS. SARAH A. STONE,
No. 29 East 29th Street,
Box 4740. NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY KATE CAMERON.

THERE is a loss which bringeth gain,
The ministry of grief and pain,
This have we felt, and not in vain.

There is a baptism of blood,
Which we had never understood,
Had not our own feet pressed the flood.

Now, we are linked by throbbing band
To mourning heart and trembling hand,
Throughout our crushed and darkened land.

How many prayers and tears arise,
Like holy incense to the skies!
God will accept the sacrifice.

The early dead—the early slain,
Who shed their precious blood like rain;
The offering shall not be in vain.

O, not in vain our heroes bleed,
Though they receive no earthly meed,
God smiles upon each noble deed;

And He will comfort those who weep
O'er the lone grave where loved ones sleep,
While round their homes the shadows creep.

Those darkened homes shall yet be light,
The day shall dawn after the night;
God's love can make e'en sorrow bright.

And He will comfort—He will bless
Those souls that in their sore distress
Cease not to trust His tenderness.

Our blighted hopes again shall bloom,
Untouched by earthly wreck or doom,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

HOPE AND NO HOPE.

MID the green hills of Vermont stands the cottage. With loving warmth the scattered rays of sunlight look in through the trees upon it, gilding its brown sides with picturesque, fantastic figures, ever changing, ever varying with the breeze that comes now in a full, fresh gust, sweeping wide apart the maple boughs that reach above the gate-way, and now with soft, insinuating breath, wooing the delicate rose petals, grown weary of the parent stem, and dropping them noiselessly upon the green turf.

A widowed mother and only daughter are seated upon the long, cool veranda. They are the only occupants of the cottage; once, in days gone by, a rich, manly voice was heard within its walls, but now the noble heart and towering form are on the battle-field.

"Ah, mother mine," said the daughter, "methinks I hear the rattling of the stage." "Prithree, good driver, bring us a letter from our Edward, our soldier-boy."

"Ah," said she, bounding down the walk, as the stage drew up at the gate and the driver held aloft a letter, "you shall have my very best wishes, may you be a Union man forever."

"From whom is the letter, my dear?" said the mother.

"From cousin Henry, I judge by the superscription; and she hastily cut the end of the envelope and drew forth the letter. As she read the commencement, a wide opening of the eye-lids was visible, and a mystified expression quickly succeeded by a hot flush, which in

turn passed away, leaving her face almost colorless. All this the unwavering eye of the mother noted as she sat there, so calmly and quietly, and the Christian heart lifted itself in prayer for strength, and then rested upon the promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

"Didn't you expect a letter from Edward to-day, mother?" she spoke in even, measured tones.

"What is it, my daughter? You have bad news. What is it?" was the calm, gentle inquiry.

"Could you bear to know that Edward had been very sick, mother?"

"My daughter, all this morning I have been thinking of Edward, and I have felt that some great trial was in store for me, but my gracious Father has sent me the Comforter and I am strong to bear. Tell me the worst at once; is he dead?"

"Yes," it was all she could say, and hastily leaving the piazza, she sought her own bower back of the house.

"Oh, God of my father, God of my brother, help me," she groaned. "Oh! Edward, Edward, my brother, must it be so?" "Must thy manly form be given to worms and decay? Must thy rich talents be lost to the world forever?" Tears came to her relief, blessed relief for those who can weep. And she wept till nature sealed the fount and said, "No more to-day." Then she raised her head and turned her eyes about her; cool shade, sparkling rill, bright sunlight, blooming flowers, sweet bird-songs; oh, what a mockery! "Never, never more shall thine eyes look upon these things; never again shall thy voice rest upon this air the sweet words, 'My sister,' never, never more." "But in heaven his eyes shall behold the glory of the Father, evermore; in heaven, his voice attuned, shall sweetly sing the praises of the Lamb evermore," said the tender mother, who had come from her closet to seek her child.

Ah, yes, some time this mortal must go to decay; how glorious then, if by going to dwell

in a better land, we may be allowed to give freedom to others.

"When do you look for your husband's return?" said a gentleman to a lady whose husband, a physician, had gone west on business.

"I am looking for him every day," replied the lady, "for I have not heard from him in two weeks and I think he intends giving me a surprise."

"What should you do if your husband were to enlist?"

"Why, I should do everything that could be done for his comfort, smile him a cheerful 'good-by,' and then, when he was really gone, I should go to my room and spend the first day in weeping; on the second I should wander over all the dear haunts, all the groves, the dells and the walks where we have been together; then I would come back to myself and my home. I would seek out the hearts that needed a kind word spoken, the garments that needed a stitch taken, the sorrow a tear given, the needy assistance, and so in busy usefulness make the hours forget their length, the heart its sadness, the home its loneliness; and through it all my eyes should hopefully look forward to his return."

"Perhaps he will enlist ere he comes back; there is much excitement now at the West. Have you seen to-day's paper?"

"No, is there more special news?"

"A more accurate account of the last battle, and a list of the killed and wounded is all, but among the names of the killed is one somewhat similar to your husband's, but I suppose it was not his."

"O, no, he would never enlist without telling me; let me see the paper, 'G. D. S—,' that is his name, but it cannot be my husband."

Yet it came at length, sure and certain information of his death. Among his effects had been found a letter addressed to his wife, stating that he had just enlisted and that the regiment would leave camp next day; for some reason unknown the letter had not been sent, and now it was too late for her ever to speak to him again. The time came at length when the full heart exclaimed, "O, my God, the bitterness has come, would he had been prepared to die."

O, soldier, loving and beloved, liable to be called to the bar of God at any moment, will you not give your friends the blessed assurance that, in heaven, if not on earth, there shall be a reunion?

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE RIGHT USE OF OUR REASON.

"My grandmother," said our rector's wife to me, "was a devout old lady, with a correct sense of the needs of our nature and a perfect apprehension of the source whence all these necessities can be supplied. She inhabited a stone cottage on my father's premises, and the daily visits paid her by us children are among

the sweetest of my youthful recollections. Especially dear were the seasons for morning and evening devotions in which we frequently participated. One petition which she invariably made was indelibly fixed in my mind. "Oh God, we thank Thee for preserving unto us our reason, and we earnestly pray Thee to help us to the right use of it."

Good old saint! long since gone to her eternal rest, how little did she imagine that when the mold was upon her tomb-stone, her constantly-uttered prayer would sink into a stranger's heart, and be the subject of many a moment's reflection!

The right use of our reason! It never before so vividly occurred to me how generally this noble faculty, which so distinguishes us from the brute creation, is perverted and abused. The reasoning powers, if allowed to run riot, lead us to the strangest excesses, not unfrequently exhausting themselves in their unrestrained wanderings, and sinking into utter imbecility, while a proper use of them will but strengthen and improve, and gradually lift us up to a comprehension of the most sublime realities. "We have a right to our opinions," is a common sentiment every day expressed, but a most absurd and false pretension, unless we arrive at those opinions through the right use of our reason. That we are greatly responsible for the notions we hold must be conceded by every thinking man, else of what benefit to us the reflective faculties which should enable us to separate the good from the evil—to sift the wheat from the chaff?

Reason, unaided, would prove to us a miserable possession, notwithstanding the boast some men make of their "inward light." A sad will-o-the-wisp indeed, this "inward light," has been to many a self-sufficient man, luring him surely onward to the slough of an eternal "despond."

In order to correct ideas of duty and doctrine, religion should go hand in hand with reason, and revelation should be the guide of both. We have Moses and the prophets, and a greater than either in our glorious Redeemer, to establish us firmly in the truth, and yet ignoring these divine aids we trust to our own self-illumination—God pity us. In the midst of many pernicious errors that are rife in the world, and in view of our own pride and self-sufficiency, I think there is stirring necessity for us all to cry with earnest souls unto Heaven for the right use of our reason.

F. J. BURGE SMITH.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

"HALLOW MY SABBATHS."

Two young friends sat by a window, watching the church-goers. They had lingered over a late breakfast, talking of trifles, not hastening, because a pouring rain would give them a Sunday at home. One of the girls held a newspaper, at which she glanced occasionally, it was full of advertisements and fresh bulletins.

Her companion was quite idle, yet she did not exactly relish the frequent reading of paragraphs about new dress-goods and fashions; she belonged to that blessed number who hope they have new names written on their foreheads, who profess to find "the Sabbath truly a delight."

On the preceding evening they had attended a party which left them quite unfitted for early rising and quiet thoughts, such as the gentle woman had in the garden when Jesus saith unto her, "Mary," and she turned herself and saith unto Him, "Rabboni!" Their first thoughts had been of fatigue and past gaiety, with a feeling of regret that the Lord's day had dawned. The Searcher of hearts finds some Christian souls even to whom this day is "a weariness." There had not been time for Bible-reading or prayer before the young ladies were summoned to the breakfast-table, thence they sauntered to the parlor-windows to amuse themselves with the dripping umbrellas and forlorn aspect of the few who were going up to the house of the Lord. With the merriment occasioned by the passers-by were mingled descriptions of costume and scraps of conversation for the benefit of a third person who had not been present at the party. Christ's young disciple felt much inward uneasiness at the tone of the conversation and the levity in which she had allowed herself to join, still she had not courage to confess that she was "one of them;" like Joseph she preferred to follow her Lord secretly. When the newspaper and the street were exhausted, Fanny O. drew nearer the grate and selected a fresh magazine, gay with fashion-plates, for her morning's entertainment. Mary was much disquieted by this proceeding, the remembrance that the Sabbath was to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and avocations as are lawful on other days, rushed into her mind, especially when Fanny called her attention to a pattern which she fancied exceedingly. A Bible in her hand comforted Mary's conscience, although her eye seldom rested on the page, she held it as a duty, not as those "who draw water joyfully out of the wells of salvation."

Dressing for dinner, and the arrival of a guest occupied part of the day; there was time for many plans to be formed, to be executed during the week, much discussion of books and friends. Doubtless these young people imagined that the day had been well-kept, as they had refrained from actual amusements, from drives of pleasure, from unnecessary work, but is this the way appointed by our God for His Sabbath to be hallowed? The day's close brought no peace, no holy joy to their hearts, Fanny was restless and impatient for "the Sabbath to be gone; Mary felt that she had not obeyed the Lord in "turning away her foot from doing her own pleasure, in calling the Sabbath the holy of the Lord, honorable." It had been their object to divert their minds from serious thought or meditation, to refrain

from gross acts of disobedience, while their hearts were not right in the sight of God. With them the Sabbath had worn away, it had not been sanctified.

After a separation of several months the young girls met in the peace of Mary's country home. Here Fanny saw the blessedness of keeping holy time. In the freshness of the morning the family gathered for worship and praise. Mary's grandfather prayed as one might who walks with God and finds this day the pearl in the circle of working hours. A vase of roses, wet with dew, on the breakfast-table, taught a gentle lesson of One who bade us "consider the lilies, how they grow." Mary had come back from her wandering in the safe atmosphere of her home. As they walked to the village church, Fanny listened to the Sabbath bell echoing through the hills, and felt her heart touched by the stillness and beauty of the day. At the conclusion of the morning service, Fanny remained with her friend to hear the little ones in the infant class singing their sweet hosanna in the temple. Mary was leading the Good Shepherd's lambs to the heavenly fold, Fanny sat in a corner while the young teacher told about Jesus in such a loving way that her companion longed to love Him too. Before the afternoon service commenced, they walked in the old burial-ground reading curious epitaphs and finding the names of many young girls who were sleeping under the grass and moss-grown stones. During the afternoon sermon the old church was illuminated by a flood of golden light from the upper windows, making it appear like "the king's daughter, all glorious within." Fanny stopped fanning herself and thought seriously of choosing "that better part." Before tea the girls went to a little school-house, where many children from the neighborhood were assembled in a Sunday-school. Mary's clear voice was heard, leading the children in their sweet hymn of love to Christ. In the dusk Fanny cried softly, while the others were singing old tunes, dear to the church, from one age to another, because she could not, like the rest, make melody in her heart unto the Lord. The elevating influence of that Sabbath remained with Fanny C. until she learned to feel with the old hymn-writer,

"Bright shadows of true rest!
Heaven once a week;
A gleam of glory after six day's showers!"

THE WIND AND THE BREEZE.

A MIGHTY wind went raging by—

It was a wondrous sight;
Stout trees bent down their branches high;
Dark clouds of dust whirled through the sky;
And naught around me could I spy
But trophies of its might.

A little breeze passed gently o'er—

I scarcely heard its tread;
Yet freshness to the flowers it bore,
And through the open cottage door
Their fragrance floated in once more
Around the sick man's head.

Then thought I—if it were grand, I know,
The strong, proud wind to be;

But better far, subdued to go
Along the path of human wo,
Like the mild breeze, so soft and low,
In its sweet ministry.

Anon.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

THERE is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affection, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet, withal, so benevolent, so fond, and so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions may effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of her brother; yet if he wants, whose hand will so readily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy?

Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blent with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime, it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother. In the affections of woman there is a devotedness and a depth, which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In these regards, where the passions are not at all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feelings may be expected, than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings; it lives from the natural impulse; and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.

ONE of the great evils of the day is an excessive indulgence in finery of dress. Every age has its peculiar evils, and this is one of those which belong to our own. I do not suppose that there is any change in taste in such matters, the prophet Isaiah shows us, by a catalogue of female finery in the third chapter of his prophecy, that the daughters of Zion, in his day, had left very little for subsequent ages to add to the art of tricking out the body, "walking with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go." But the peculiarity of our times is that people not only have the love of finery, as people always had, but they can very easily indulge it, much more easily than in any former age; finery is to be had for nothing, and a servant girl with moderate wages can make more show and parade than persons in affluent circumstances could two centuries ago. And this temptation of a cheap age tells upon the nation exceedingly, especially upon the

female part of it; so that this book could make no pretension to be a complete guide to the service of God's House, if it did not contain a few words upon the kind of dress in which Christians should appear.

There are proper dresses for proper times; we do not go to a funeral in cheerful garments, nor to a wedding in crape and hat-bands; however we may talk about the indifference of the manner in which we are dressed, a sure instinct tells us that it is not matter of indifference, and that it is most in accordance with the dictates of sound judgment to comply with those rules which custom has sanctioned us. Now what is the dress suited to the public worship of God? "All of you be clothed with humility," is a very good general answer, this points out the general tone and color of the garment of praise, which befits a Christian in God's house; but more particularly, study neatness and eschew finery; and do this both for your own sakes and for the sakes of others; for your own sakes—because what you most aim at is to forget yourselves and think only of God, and how can you forget yourselves if you have just been studiously getting yourself up to be admired, and if your own appearance has been haunting your brain all the morning before the church bells rang? For the sake of others—because if your appearance is half as striking as you think it, you cannot but interfere with the devotions of your neighbors by attracting their attention to you. Oh, how utterly pitiable and shocking is any parade of finery in the presence of God! to think that the poor giddy creature, who is setting off her face and figure with ribands and silks, must soon stand before God naked and bare! Dear young friends, when you stand at the looking-glass, think for one moment of death and of judgment.

Frippery and finery are offensive at all times and in all places; the real ornament is the "meek and quiet spirit;" that is of great price with God as with ourselves, that is an ornament which a Christian may take with him or her out of this world and wear forevermore, that is the necklace of angels, and while all other ornaments are in the eyes of God tinsel and worthless, the price of that is greater than of gold. But frippery and finery in a church are offensive beyond all possibility of measure or description; it is to insult the God of the place, to scare away the angels, to shock the minds of the devout. Study neatness and propriety and simplicity, but eschew extravagance and finery; imagine Mary, the mother of Jesus, preparing to go to the marriage at Cana in Galilee; dress yourself as you would have done if you too had been invited to that marriage to meet the Lord.

If any one should think that it is below the dignity of a Guide to the Parish Church to give directions concerning dress, he may remember that St. Paul would have been of a different opinion, as he may see clearly from 1 Cor. xi. And on the general question of the kind of dress suitable for Christian women, he may consult 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4.—Dean Goodwin.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

HEART SCENERY.

"ALL the merry-hearted do sigh."

HEARTS are aching, but hands must be busy; minds are troubled, but we must be praying.

THE sunsets have been as brilliant, and the verdure as soft and pleasing to the eye, the fleecy clouds have lain as peacefully on the bosom of the quiet lake, and moon-beams danced as gaily as in other seasons, distant hills and slopes were as enchanting as ever, and we were as ready to exclaim, "All Thy works praise Thee." But the heart was too busy in its sympathies with the general sorrows of the people of our once peaceful land, to be attracted as usual by the beauties of nature; yet, they were often in their quiet grandeur soothing to the feelings harrowed by sad recitals. In the boats we met the serious-looking sick or wounded soldier; when the cars stopped at a station, we dropped the limping, or feeble man to go to his home, to give joy once more to his poor wife and children, who had almost given him up as killed, or dead in Hospital. When the stage driver reined up, a fine-looking young man would halt and speak to some one within that he knew. To their queries, he replied, he had a ball in his leg, was home on furlough, and was going back when better. In our peaceful villages and country places, far from the noise of war, there was a constant kindred interest kept up, to know the latest news. The drum and the flag were the signals for new recruits, and new pangs of separation, yet we often thought, how "willingly the people offer themselves." At the corners of streets, or rail-way stations, the soldier in his new uniform, and the wife of his bosom, his sister, or dear mother stood with tearful eyes, and breaking hearts, yet, his courage met the test; he looked all his love and sympathy as he silently gazed upon them, then with a smile and agile step, leaped into the car, or stage which bore him off to other scenes.

At one war-meeting in a small village, a mother who stood listening to the appeals of the speaker, her patriotism rising with the tide of feeling about her, stepped up to her son, threw her arms about his neck, kissed him, and said, "Go, my son, and fight for your country, and God bless you."

A man sat in the stage with us, coolly, but feelingly said, "I don't know but my son is killed in this battle." Just as a thing of course—the country to be saved, our dearest given up. One woman, her only two sons were gone, and she thought her husband lacked patriotism, because he did not go also. She reads the papers now, weeps, prays, and goes to her work again in good cheer that her all is upon the altar of God and her country. Busy fingers are plying needles, hands drying fruit, and making lint for hospital use. The cheerfulness and readiness with which the people offer themselves to save the country, tells the story of as much patriotism as ever the days of the revolution exhibited. We

are not unworthy of those who bled for our first freedom. They had not our homes, comforts, and luxuries to forego.

Heart-scenery has been rising to our view in all our country rambles. It would sometimes puzzle us to decide who showed most self-sacrifice and the grace of God in these conflicts. One dear friend whom we had known for years by reputation, as a person of peculiar trial and faithfulness to Christian duty, we met for the first time and thought to have found her bowed with the various griefs of her life. But instead of this, she was cheerful and full of activity and zeal for any new plan of present usefulness in this time of need. Last year she lost her husband, a short time after her oldest son felt it his duty to enter the army, he was indeed the head of the family, and on his way to the depot he said to his brother, "Our mother deserves a commission, for her bravery." She had so nobly given him up that it nerved him for his duty. Last June she heard he was ill in the Hospital in Washington, then that he was better, that the crisis of the fever was past. But another fatal blow was to fall on that stricken heart—he was dead. A fine officer, a good son, and the pride of his village, he was brought back to be honored in death, after a lovely life. At an evening meeting a short time after, the pastor as usual with him, asked if any one desired any particular hymn sung. Our dear stricken friend, replied in a gentle undertone, if no one else had one she would like this commencing,

"My Father, to the Mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise."

It was sung and the congregation were melted to tears in sympathy with their bereaved sister, in her entire trust in God. While at the mournful task of looking over her son's trunks after their return to her, she had the sweet consolation to find the following lines addressed to herself:

My mother! oh how sweet the name!
I love its echo more than fame;
I may desire both wealth and power,
But more to spend one happy hour
With thee, my mother.

My mother! thou art all to me,
In all my course, by land or sea;
Thy image my lone hours attend,
Oh, who with thee compared as friend,
With thee, my mother!

My mother! in my hours of mirth,
I'd flee those joys to reach the hearth,
Where oft I've listened to the voice
Which made my youthful heart rejoice
With thee, my mother.

My mother! though my foolish heart
From thy wise counsels did depart,
Wilt thou forgive? I know thou wilt—
Thou'lt look upon it not as guilt,
My gentle mother.

My mother! there are objects three,
Which shall excite desire in me;
To be with thee in Heaven, my home,
When flowers and willows guard my tomb
And thine, my mother.

We trust this painful heart-scenery will be so blest to us that we will come out of all these troubles, a holier, and better people, in the land of the brave and home of the free.

Y.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

SYMPATHY WITH CHILDREN.

"I SHALL write you everything," said Thomas DeWitt to his mother, as he was leaving home for college, "because I know you will be just as much interested in my success as I shall be myself." And then, after a moment's thought, he added, "I think it is nice to have such a mother." What a safeguard to a boy is this confidence in his mother's unfailing sympathy. It does more, perhaps, to keep him from evil and to encourage him in virtue than anything except God's special blessing. Parents do not think enough of the importance of sympathizing with their children, not even mothers, who come so much nearer right in this matter than fathers. Children need an immense amount of sympathy. We all enjoy it, but none so much require it as the young. It is the sunshine of childhood. The refreshing, gentle rain that causes all the blessed virtues to spring and flourish. Children should have sympathy in their studies, in their plays, and in all their pleasures and sorrows. A child studies with more energy and ambition if he knows his father and mother are interested in his success. With what delight he comes home to tell of his good marks, and how his eyes brighten as he meets a joyful response from home friends. In all their little whittlings, their mechanical contrivances, their plays, the good that is in them is developed by sympathy. "I like to show you my things," said a boy to his mother, "because you do not say, Umph!" This "umph" drives away many children from home to seek from strangers what home should give.

I often wonder that children should be so much attached to parents who manifest so little attachment to them, but I do not wonder at the waywardness of children who are not anchored in tender, loving hearts. Children have a right to sympathy and attention, and we have no right to withhold it from them. They have their claims upon us for the supply of their mental and moral wants—a claim certainly of equal importance to the supply of their physical wants. Parents should not be the servants of their children, neither should children be supposed to have no rights which must not at once bow to the present comfort of a parent. "Hush! hush!" should not be the order of the day when a father appears, and he should prize family enjoyment far above that which comes from the newspaper. All my own recollections of my father are of the tenderest kind, and they are among the most pleasant and precious in my memory. I never heard from him an impatient nor a severe word. I have no memory of unkindness nor neglect from him; all is love. He petted us

much, and it often seems to me that if he were living here now, I should still sit on the arm of his chair and be caressed by him. With all this gentleness and tenderness there was with us no thought of disobedience. It has always been pleasant to me to think of God as a father; I know what a father is and I count it among the greatest blessings of my life that I had one who could so well represent to me the great eternal Father of us all.

The world is far away from God, with what infinite patience He bears with us in all our short-comings. How He encourages us when we strive to do right. How pitiful and full of compassion He is. Let us take Him for our great pattern, and what He is as a parent let us strive to be in our infinite distance from Him. We can reflect His image as the drop reflects the sun. We can be like Him, if we seek His wisdom and abide in the Saviour of sinners. Then shall our children rise up and call us blessed, and we shall surely in some important degree answer to their wants. May God help us to be all our children need.

ANNA HOPE.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

A SEARCH FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

A LONGING desire had arisen in my heart to find the truly beautiful, to gaze upon loveliness like that of Eden, spotless, and pure, and free from the taint of sin. I thought I was fitting through the realms of dreamland, living over the past in that sweet reality with which dreams are so often invested. While I wandered on through scenes fraught with sweet and tender pleasure, methought an angel-form approached me, bearing a mirror, whose clear surface shone with dazzling lustre. In low, musical accents he addressed me, "Child of earth, thy wish has been heard above, and I am sent to thee on a special ministry. Wouldst thou behold the truly beautiful? I am commissioned to aid thee on thy search, and lest thine eyes should be too often blinded by the beauteous exterior and rendered unable to detect aught of impurity or sin, I bear this mirror, whose pure surface is tarnished by the least reflection of sin and unholiness. This sure talisman will ever show thee if the beauty it reflects is spotless, like its own."

Joyfully I thanked the heaven-commissioned one, for I felt that with such aid the search would be easy and delightful. I thought I stood upon the brow of a wooded hill, looking down upon one of earth's loveliest valleys. I saw no traces of the habitation of man to mar the primeval beauty or break the deep stillness that reigned around. It looked so far removed from the bustle of this busy and sin-fallen world, that it almost seemed as if the curse had never entered this secluded spot, but the smile of Eden still lingered in all its holy innocence. Surely thought I, this must be a place where the truly beautiful is found. For from this pure soil, untrod by man's unhallow-

ed footsteps, may daily ascend an offering of praise, and though voiceless the language, how acceptable might this mute worship be to Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. But suddenly the mirror of truth flashed before my eyes, and shuddering, I turned away from that dim, lustreless reflection. For that fair landscape, where I thought I had found the truly beautiful, was so changed and defaced I could not have believed it the very same. Then I knew by the wan reflection in my mirror that a dark and deadly curse hung over all this beauty, for sin had triumphed here, and even this retired valley had been trod by the desolating footsteps of man. Here dark thoughts had given place to darker actions, and fallen spirits had exulted in fiendish triumph over the victory of temptation. Oh, when would the rosy light of the glad millennial morn tremble over these dark sin-mountains, chasing far hence the deep gloom of spiritual night! Sorrowing, I turned away and thought how truly I had found

"A few flow'rets of Eden still left from the fall,
But the trail of the serpent was over them all."

Again I stood before beauty so wondrous, so perfect, that to my admiring gaze it seemed almost divine. For during its eager search my spirit had sped on restless wing far over the deep blue sea to the classic shores so famed in song and story. For I fondly hoped that 'neath the soft light of the blue Italian heaven I might find, amid the monuments of mighty genius that everywhere meet the eye, something worthy of my search. Treading the streets of imperial Rome, I at length paused before one of the paintings of the old masters, and here it seemed as if my search were rewarded. It was the master-piece of a mighty genius on which I gazed, and the beauty portrayed upon the lifeless canvass was so life-like, so matchless, that it might well enchain the eye in mute wonder and admiration. Eagerly I turned to my mirror to see if my search were truly ended. But, alas! no image of innocence and beauty met my eye; only a faint resemblance, marred and distorted in all its proportions. Thus I knew that that pure and radiant surface, now so dimmed and tarnished, reflected not the true beauty, the beauty of holiness. For the painter, while engaged on this grand triumph of art, which was destined to make his name immortal, had been influenced by wrong and worldly motives, ever displeasing in the sight of a holy God.

Blindly led on by ambition, he was more anxious for the praise of men than for the praise of God, and while striving for the laurels which fame should entwine round his name, causing it to resound like a grand pæan through future ages, thought not of that incorruptible crown which shines with undimmed lustre throughout eternal years. Thus, when his fleeting day of life was over, the portion he had chosen was blackness of darkness forever.

Once more I renewed my search, trusting,

believing that somewhere I might find my ideal. To all lands, through all climes my spirit hasted, even penetrating the long "vista of departed years;" for 'mid the noble monuments of genius which in past centuries reared their lofty heads so proudly, I might perchance be successful. Methought I visited the gay capital of ancient Greece, and, mingling with the crowd that thronged its busy streets, continued my quest amid its lofty edifices, and proud, beautiful palaces. But in vain did I gaze upon its stupendous columns and its unrivaled models of architecture, for in this idolatrous city the true God was unknown, and no true beauty could be found beneath its glittering pomp. Anon I trod the streets of ancient Thebes, gazing upon the grandeur and magnificence everywhere displayed, and listening with rapture to the sweet strains floating from Memnon's fabled statue, like seraph melodies gushing from viewless fingers. But the gloom of pagan darkness enveloped this fair city like a pall. At length, weary and dispirited, I gave up the search as useless, for my spirit had roamed through every land, and even through past ages, and my ideal seemed as far from being realized as ever. Sorrowing I turned to my angel-guide, asking his aid and direction. Spreading his radiant wings, he bade me to follow, and upward we soared, onward through infinity, above the starry heavens, beyond the eternal gates, till the glittering bastions of the new Jerusalem burst upon my view in all their dazzling splendor. What a scene opened on my vision! The ranks of shining angels pouring forth their glad hosannas in one triumphant chorus, while with them there ranged over the heavenly plains that great multitude which no man can number, redeemed to God by the blood of the Lamb out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.

"O'er starry plain and fountain
Walked the shining, happy throng,
And from every crystal fountain
Swept the sound of harp and song."

What language could describe the ineffable beauty, the wondrous purity I here beheld. No pen could portray the scene! The river of life, with waters clear as crystal, flowed through those plains of light, while on its banks stood the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. On the sea of glass, mingled with fire, stood the radiant band of harpers, harping with their harps their sweet notes, blending in one rich, harmonious song with the glad strains of the heavenly choir, whose mingled voices rose like the sound of mighty thunderings in one majestic anthem. With what joy did I gaze upon those ransomed ones who, with garments made white in the blood of the Lamb, joined the sweet-voiced Psalm of praise, and with golden harp and waving palm, trod the shining pavements of that city, which the glory of God doth lighten.

"It was a lovely grouping,
It was a holy band,
There were little fair-haired children
With their mothers by the hand."

There were youth of lofty stature,
Of angelic port and brow,
Looking less on sainted maidens,
Than on the Saviour now.

There were heads which once were hoary
With their pilgrimage below,
But now the crowns of glory
Shed gold upon the snow."

And upon a throne of light sat One of such exalted majesty, such infinite purity that the adoring hosts veiled their bright faces before Him, crying, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, the whole earth is full of Thy glory." From that glorious throne flowed streams of uncreated light in splendor too dazzling for mortal eye, while the rainbow in sight like unto an emerald, encircled it round about; this fair land had no use of the sun, neither of the moon to lighten it, for from this pure, exalted throne, streamed such floods of glory that its light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. "And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass, and the foundations of the wall of it were garnished with all manner of precious stones and the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it, for there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

Then as I turned, wondering what reflection I should find in my mirror, what transcendent loveliness, how unsurpassing a scene of beauty burst upon my view! For untarnished and clear was that radiant surface, reflecting with undimmed splendor the surrounding glory. Then I knew that in the infinite One Himself I had found my long-sought ideal, that in heaven alone could be found that true beauty, the beauty of holiness, which shines with ever-increasing lustre throughout eternal ages. But while I still stood gazing on the pure and perfect loveliness around, longing that I might be one of the happy number, who ever in the presence of God and the Lamb, shall go no more out forever. Methought a voice near me said, "Child of earth, back to thy pilgrimage once more. The longing desire in thy heart has been satisfied, thou hast been permitted to gaze upon the truly beautiful and now thou knowest where alone it can be found. Let the scenes thou hast here viewed cheer thee in all the duties of life, serve thy Master faithfully below, and soon thou, too, shalt be one of those who, welcomed within these pearly gates, shall go no more out forever."

Then reluctantly my spirit took its downward flight, and as the glittering outlines of the heavenly city receded from view, methought a gleam of celestial brightness flitted athwart my downward path, a token of my Father's love to cheer me through life's toilsome pilgrimage. And though my search for the beautiful was but a dream, but the fancyings of

imagination, ever after, life wore for me a brighter hue, the angels looked up to me out of the green leaves and bright flowers, and every lovely object I saw reminded me of that fair land which had appeared to me in visions of enraptured thought.

"So bright that all that comes between,
Is with its radiant glory fraught."

There all is pure and sinless forevermore, and there only dwells that perfect beauty, the beauty of holiness. ANNIE M.

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.—Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come. Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.

Children's Department.

THE following lines were written for all classes to read, but we place them in the Children's Department, hoping that some of the dear little ones will read them to their parents and friends just before Thanksgiving.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

DARKLY the winter day
Dawns on the moor;
How can the heart be gay?
Who can endure;
See the sad, weary wight,
Wanders from noon to night,
Shelterless—homeless quite;
God help the poor!

Now the red robin, here,
Sits on the sill,
Not e'en a grain comes near
To touch its bill.
So with the houseless poor,
Wand'ring from door to door,
Seeking a morsel more—
Lord, 'tis Thy will.

White is the virgin snow,
Bitter the morn,
See those starved children go,
Wretched, forlorn.
Feet without shoes or hose,
Backs without warmth of clothes,
Strangers to all repose—
Why were they born?

See that lone, aged man,
Snow-white his hair;
Mark his sad visage wan,
Deep his despair;
Craving the rich man's food,
Owner of many a rood;
Lord, Thou art always good,
Hear his heart-prayer.

Yonder a woman goes,
Ragged and old,
Barefooted, o'er the snow,
Famished and cold;

How her poor children cling
To her side, shivering;
Chickens beneath her wing
Doth she unfold.

Fast falls the sleet and rain,
Slowly they go,
By forest-side, sheltered plain,
Wailing their woe;
City street now they see,
Here they roam wild and free,
Are they not flesh as we?
Canst thou say "No?"

Night spreads her sable wing,
Where can they lie?
Sorrows like theirs must bring
Tears to the eye;
Full the cloud torrent falls,
Down they must lie in halls,
Each to his Maker calls,
"Lord, let me die!"

Ye whom the heavens bless,
Give from your store;
'Twill ne'er make your treasures less,
Must make them more;
For he that giveth cheerfully,
God loves tenderly;
Give to them—pray with me,
God help the poor!

For the Advocate and Guardian.

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

I STARTED out just after breakfast this morning to do some errand. I was passing a row of old fashioned frame houses, with shady little front door-yards, which seemed cool and refreshing in the warm summer's day, when out from the gate just before me tripped an airy little figure, her cheeks glowing, and her dark curls all astir. A pair of bright black eyes peeped out from under the jaunty bloomer on her head, as she eagerly accosted me.

"Won't you come in," said she, "and buy something for the soldiers? We've got a table full of things in here. See what a lot."

I turned with her inside the gate, meanwhile asking "The soldiers? What soldiers? What do you want for them?"

"Oh, the sick soldiers in the hospital," she replied. "My father goes there a good deal to take care of them, and he says they want ever so many things. So we got up a table; mother said we might."

A table about three feet square stood in the centre of the walk, spread with various knick-knacks, cushions, needle-books, baskets, shells and flowers—and behind it, in all the dignity her age and figure could command, sat the older sister, her face as beaming with excitement as the other's. She presided over the tiny bazaar, and served the customers which the little one caught at the gate. The one was sales-man, the other drummer on this great occasion, and never did little ones enter with more delight into all the details of their self-imposed work.

"We made them all ourselves, do buy something," said Kittie the elder, while Sadie,

the little one, tripped again to the gate to watch for another passer-by, ever and anon flying back to see what I was going to do, and to put in her little word.

"Made them all yourselves?" said I. "What, that cushion, and that kid needle-book? You've done it very neatly—but when did you find time?"

"Oh, after school, and in the mornings. Mother cut them out, and Sadie and I made them all. Do buy something; won't you?"

"Why, to be sure, I couldn't refuse any way, but I am looking first. Now there's a ball that I shall take," and I put my hands on a very neatly made parlor ball. It was red, white and blue, knitted in melon shape pieces and sewed together, and in the centre, hid away in a ball of soft cotton wool was a box with one or two beans in it; I suppose they were beans, that made a soft rattling noise.

"Oh, that's sold—Mrs. Pritchard bought it over the way."

"That's a pity now," said I, "for it's just what I wanted. It is my little boy's birth day, and he asked sister Minnie to buy him a parlor ball. And I thought it would please the baby too."

"May be Mrs. Pritchard will wait till Kittie knits another," said the flying, buzzing little bee at my elbow. "I mean to go in and ask mother."

"Oh, yes," said mother, "let this lady have it, and make another for Mrs. Pritchard."

"It will only take me two days," said Kittie, "I knit three gores a day, and mother makes it up for me."

But then came another difficulty, and Miss Sadie's changing face fell again. I had no small money, and when I offered them a bill, there wasn't enough change in the box for me.

"What shall we do?" cried Sadie.

"I'll tell you what," I answered, "I am going down to the Tract House to get 'Uncle Paul's Stories,' for my little boy, and I'll come for the ball on my return, I shall have change then."

"Oh," exclaimed Sadie with a prolonged intonation, as though she was most afraid to let me and the bargain slip through her fingers. I suppose she thought, "A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush."

"Will you, certainly?" she asked, as I passed down the yard, putting up my purse in my reticule, "Won't you forget?" and she looked up very earnestly in my face.

"Indeed I will," said I, "I never make promises that I don't mean to keep, and especially to little girls. Don't you let anybody else have the ball."

So I went on to the Tract House, but I couldn't find the book I wanted, and of course I didn't get my bill changed. "I'll buy something else," said I to myself, "somewhere, for my word's sake."

I found a thread and needle store close by, so I went in and bought some cotton, and the shopwoman offered me all pennies in

change. They were heavy to carry, but the woman had nothing different, and for the sake of the anxious little girls up in Elm Street, I took the burdensome coppers in my hand and walked on. I wanted to go to market, and Elm Street was out of my way, but I felt that I had rather eat bread and butter dinner for a week than to disappoint the little ones who were working for the soldiers, and I kept on.

Sadie caught sight of me as I turned the corner.

"She's coming, she is positively," I heard her cry, and in a moment more I was there.

"I was most afraid you wouldn't come," said she.

"But you see I did, and now there are twenty-five cents in that package, and I am going to buy something else beside the ball."

"Goody," she exclaimed, "we shall soon sell out. I'm so glad."

There was another little girl in the yard this time, evidently much interested in what was going on.

"Bertha and I had a table in our yard the other day," said she, "and we took three dollars and a half, and got all sold out by eleven o'clock."

"So you've been working for the soldiers too," I remarked, as I turned to the speaker. "Yes'm, I don't live here, I live in Boston, but I am here now visiting my cousin, Bertha Bizziebee. We live in that house up there. She and I made all the things, and Mr. Curtis gave us some fruit, and we got three dollars and a half. Aunt Ruth is going with us this morning to carry it to the regiment that's just going to Washington."

"That's right, little girls," I said, as I took up my bundle and bade them good-by. "Do all the good you can in the world, and you'll never be sorry."

"Pooh!" said Jennie Prigg, when I was telling the story to her mother, "that's just Bizziebee style, that Bertha's always doing something of the sort, she can't keep her hands out of charity work a day."

"That's true," said I, "for her mother says Bertha is always employed in some such way. Indeed she has been obliged to tell her not to undertake anything more without consulting her mother, lest she should get more on her hands than she can carry out."

"I told you so," said Jennie, with another laugh of derision, "that's her style," and she spoke as if she thought it wasn't any nice style.

"It's delightfully refreshing to me, Jennie, in this world of selfishness, to find any one who loves to do good to the poor and afflicted, and especially a young person like Bertha. Some young misses of her age are all the time fussing because their dresses are not long enough, or their heels high enough, or the garibaldi doesn't fall over just as much as it should, or the hat doesn't come over the face as far as the fashion requires, or the hair is not wavy enough to be pretty, or the hands are large, or the complexion not smooth and

fair." I couldn't help saying it, for I knew that this was "Jennie's style," and I wanted her to see the two in contrast. She saw it, I guess, for she didn't reply, and I went on to say that nothing delighted me so much as to see a young miss of her age and Bertha's turning aside from the frivolities of life to that which was substantial and real, that it was laying the foundation for a useful and valuable character, and that God loved those who were ready to every good word and work.

I know another circle of little girls who met together and in a few weeks prepared quite a basketful of fancy articles. Then the parents of one of them opened their handsome parlors one evening, and invited in their friends and neighbors to buy, and the result was the little girls had twenty dollars to spend in hospital stores for the poor soldiers.

And I know of a little boy who visited one of the hospitals with his mother one Saturday afternoon, and the next day, he wouldn't let his mother rest till she got out her old towels and let the whole family go to work scraping lint. "What if it is Sunday?" said he, "Didn't the Boston people shut up their churches one Sunday, and the whole cityful go to work scraping lint?" And he wouldn't let his mother take her customary nap, nor his father his usual walk before tea, so earnest was he to have all they could possibly heap together to take down to Dr. Smith, the next day.

How pleasant it is to see children so eager and earnest in the work of sympathy and benevolence.

"But it is so little we can do, what's the use?" asks Fannie Littlehope timidly.

"Suppose the little breezes

Upon a summer's day,

Should think themselves too small to cool

The traveler on his way;

Who would not miss the smallest

And softest ones that blow,

And think they made a great mistake

If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness

A little child may do,

Although it has so little strength,

And little wisdom too.

It wants a loving spirit

Much more than strength, to prove

How many things a child may do

For others by his love."

H. E. B.

EMPLOYMENT.—"To be employed is to be happy," said Gray. If he had never said anything else, either in prose or verse, he would have deserved the esteem of all posterity. In view of the good of society, in economy of taxes, in the security of life and property, it would be cheaper for the State to furnish adequate employment for all who are unemployed—

For Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do.

Employment is nature's physician, and Galen says is essential to human happiness. These usual employments, and every-day occurrences of life, are the best things for taking away our grief; jogging effectually sends woe to sleep.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE TROUBLE OF CHILDREN.*

BY MRS. FONDA.

It was late that night before Mrs. B. closed her eyes to sleep. The weight of a soul lay on her. Her mind was on the alert to know how to pursue some course that would cement John to her by love. Love must be the grafting-wax that will make the tender "cutting" adhere to the standard tree until it becomes one with it.

The next morning Mrs. Brown was too unwell to rise. A sore throat and fever were the result of her rainy expedition and excitement of mind. As usual, when she was sick, her son officiated in the kitchen, and John was his ready assistant in scouring knives, cleaning vegetables, sweeping, &c.; indeed, it seemed as though he could not do enough, and when his mother wanted anything he would ask to carry it to her, which he did on tip-toe for fear of making a noise. John looked sad all that day, and every time he heard his mother try to speak with her hoarse voice he could hardly keep from crying to think he had been the cause of it. His conduct looked worse and worse to himself. It seemed to him as though his mother loved him better than ever, instead of being ill-natured to him for making her so much trouble. He was sure he never loved her so much as now. She asked him to bring his book and sit by her, which he did with great pleasure. He seemed to have no desire to play out of doors that day. He left his mother only long enough to feed his chickens and help in the kitchen. It was a day long to be remembered by him. He seemed to discern good from evil as he never did before; he resolved in his own mind that he never would give her another occasion to come after him. The next day she was better and John's heart was much lighter. He felt more and more that he had been a very wicked boy; and, as his mother began to go about the house again, he loved to stay with her and help her all he could. Mrs. Brown observed the change in John and felt to take courage. She often "compared notes" in reference to her present feelings towards John and her former feelings under similar discipline with her own son. She watched herself closely to see if she was willing to throw the same mantle of charity and forbearance over the faults of the adopted as of the real son. She sometimes found cause for self-reproach, and would need to turn the helm of her own soul a little, while attempting to tow that of another safely down the gulf-stream of life. A great and blessed work, soliloquized she to herself, often, to send a soul as our own representative out on the open sea of manhood. Highest and holiest in its aspirations and objects, but perplexing and often irritating in its detail to the highest degree. To educate and convert the heathen is

high and holy in its object, but how low and disgusting must be the detail of their heathenish customs and ideas with which the missionary must constantly come in contact. He must look through all this up to his ultimate object. So must the mother. Keep your eye on the tall figure and high brow of noble manhood or womanhood, and the little, dirty boots, soiled apron and torn pants, will lose more than half their annoyance. When we look on a field of wheat that has been nurtured but two or three weeks by mother earth, we hardly see the little green blade quivering in the breeze; but we see the tall stalk and full head—the ripe grain. Mothers are too much inclined to feel as though their children would always *be children*. Let every mother turn her thoughts back and read her own childhood often.

John had now been with Mrs. B. three years. In comparing him with his first year she thought he had gained some. He had certainly become attached to his home and foster-parents, and that is the greatest and surest anchor that can hold a little mariner in the dangerous harbor of boyhood. His chickens had become quite numerous, his line-backed calf was a year old, and he had a clear title to Nellie's last colt, now six months old, which he called Fanny, and her joyous prancing when he let her have the full length of her nice halter, made John look as though he was very happy in his adopted home. He had some one to love him, and something that he could love—two very important ingredients in every cup of happiness. John, now thirteen years of age, could read intelligibly, could write some, had become familiar with most of the juvenile school-books, loved his Sabbath-school teacher and she took great interest in him. He had learned the first rudiments of music, and was becoming quite interested in learning to play the melodeon. His chickens, calf, colt and melodeon so filled up his play-hours that he seldom thought of seeking pleasure "down town;" and then he had a kind of dread of that certain place in front of the Post-office, where he was once caught playing marbles.

Mrs. Brown acted on the principle that light must drive out darkness, and virtue displace vice. You cannot cleanse the young heart of its vices and then set to work to fill it with virtues. The work must be similar to the petrifying process; every impure particle displaced must have its cavity filled instantaneously with the pure material, or in other words, you must cut a new channel for the soul to run in before it will leave its natural downward course.

Mrs. Brown soliloquized to herself, "Well, I have cut off every bad association in John's circle, I believe; and I have tried to surround him with good associations; and now let us see if we shall not reap what we have sowed. We shall, just as sure as God is true."

Sammie Dean's mother called one day, and

observing John's employments and home amusements remarked in her usual whining tone of voice, "that there was a great difference in boys; she couldn't keep her Sammie at home five minutes, hardly, and that she often did not see him from one meal to another. She wished he would stay home and take to music and book as John did. Why, Mrs. Brown, how fortunate you were in getting a boy from the 'Home,' you might try again a dozen times and not have so good luck. Do let him come down and play with Sammie, although I could hardly find him."

"John has but very little time to play with other boys," remarked Mrs. Brown and besides I believe Sammie plays in the street, "O, yes," says Mrs. Dean, "I do not think it best to keep boys too strict, and besides he is so noisy in the house that I am sometimes glad when he is gone." Poor, weak mother, thought Mrs. Brown, I fear you will one day "reap the whirlwind." So it is; we mothers who try to discipline our children, and bend the twig the way it ought to be inclined get no credit for it from that class of mothers who do not do it. They always say there is a great difference in boys, I wish my boy would do as yours does. The most startling fact is, there is a great difference in mothers.

Mrs. Dean in her girlhood was one of that class of young ladies who was never born to command, was left without friends to support her, and had not energy sufficient to support herself. Her ambition did not reach high enough to educate herself, and at the age of seventeen she accepted the first offer of marriage, as that relieved her of life's responsibilities as she thought, and it came out in words a few days after, that "now she had got some one to support her." Her husband about fifteen years her senior, thought youth the most desirable quality in a wife. She did not like toil before marriage, why should she now, it was easier to let Sammie run than to take care of him. They were both good church-members.

John was becoming more and more fond of labor, and when his father did not need him he wanted to seek work among the neighbors, his parents consented and he started off in great spirits. He soon found work at Jimmie Smith's father's who lived on "rich hill." John set himself to work in good earnest in the hay-field, determined to keep up with the rest. They set him to raking hay, there were many men at work in the field and several teams drawing hay, it was a fine sight to him to see business on so large a scale. He worked until the large drops of sweat ran down his face profusely, but all this time John's mind worked as hard as his body, the hope had sprung up in his own mind that he would some day own a farm and have a great barn and fat horses, and big hay-piles. At this juncture Jimmie Smith made his appearance in the hay-field.

*Erratum.—Page 217, 3d column, for "concluded," read "continued."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM.

"ON the first day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforward and forever free!"—President's Proclamation.

THE darkest hour of night gives place to day,
The "silver lining" spreads upon the cloud;
And now at last, the light of liberty
Dispels the gloom of tyranny's dark shroud.

Full long have men held fellow-men for gain,
Full long in our loved land has might ruled right,
But now 'tis done, and freedom soon will reign
O'er all our land, a "bright and shining light."

No more the slave his tyrant master fears,
No more the lash and scourge reward his toil,
No more he stoops beneath a weight of cares,
But, with an air of freedom, treads the soil.

Now once again the long-crushed truth appears,
That right is might, and liberty is strong,
And nevermore, in all the coming years,
Shall slavery curse our land with its foul wrong.

D. W. BROWNELL.

Jackson, Tenn., Sept. 30th.

Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, NOV. 1, 1862.

WE particularly request our friends, when sending provision or clothing, to mark the packages:

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,
NEW YORK.

Care A. Chapman, (Healey's Express,) Pier 16, N. R.

A list of articles, with donors' names and post-office address, should be enclosed in package, and another similar list sent by mail, stating when and by what conveyance the package was forwarded.

Compliance with the above request will save us from much loss and expense.

A LIVING AUXILIARY.

It was recently our privilege to spend a short season in the beautiful village of Danbury, Conn. A pressing invitation from the ladies to attend their annual meeting changed the monotony of home cares, etc., and gave us once more a charming view of rural scenes in this section of New England. We have seldom witnessed an annual gathering of any of our auxiliaries more pleasant and profitable than that of this Society. The meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 14th, in the lecture room of the first Cong. Church, Rev. Mr. Coe's. A goodly number were present, the business was promptly transacted, an excellent spirit manifested, and the results apparent from the united efforts of the Association were truly encouraging. The cordial reception given to the Committee present from our Board, will be gratefully remembered. The annual report read, we hope to receive for our columns ere long.

The following extract from an article that appeared in the Jeffersonian, one of the village papers, calling attention to the meeting, gives a partial synopsis of their proceedings hitherto:

"The work of the Danbury Guardian Society has been divided between objects in our own town, and the city of New York. Among the branches of labor at home, may be mentioned, visiting the districts to search out the exposed and suffering, keeping a wardrobe for the poor, circulating the *Family Guardian*, published by the parent society; rescuing ten children from degradation, and making petitions to the town that the laws against the traffic in ardent spirits might be enforced, and that they would place under our charge and education, the children of poverty; making an appropriation of funds for that purpose. These things have constituted a part of our home work."

"As an auxiliary of the American Guardian Society, we stand pledged to help sustain its Industrial schools, and the Home for the Friendless. There we have boarded our children, and to that institution through the kind contributions of members and friends, we have sent donations from time to time."

The example of this Society in several particulars, is worthy of imitation. First their efforts to prevent intemperance. Let this one evil be everywhere banished, and for each besotted, improvident, reckless and vicious parent, there would be restored to society an equal number of sober, industrious, order-loving citizens, able and willing to give proper training, and provide a competence for their own offspring. Woman's influence in this regard, if everywhere exerted to the utmost, would be immense.

Second, their effort to induce the town officers to place friendless children, who must otherwise become a public charge, in special care of the association, appropriating the funds needful for their support, till they shall be provided with permanent homes and surrounded with salutary influences; and why should not this be done? Why, when a remedy is available, should Christian manhood fasten the brand of the pauper upon innocent childhood. Why inflict a punishment so galling, simply because of their friendlessness and destitution. Many thanks are due to the ladies of this Society that they have sought to acquire this responsibility, and discharge its duties. May the day not be distant when they shall be permitted to act as the maternal guardians of the friendless little ones, whose future may be made bright and hopeful, by their Christian care, and that similar Societies through the land, shall "go and do likewise." Surely the principle

prompting to this course is of general application, fully sanctioned by the golden rule, and worthy of universal consideration. Surely the Christian mothers of our land are the most appropriate guardians of its friendless children.

The third important measure adopted practically by this Society, strongly commends itself to all, viz.: the division of the town into districts, and the appointment of Committees to visit each district through the year, searching out, and aiding the true objects of charity, inviting the benevolent co-operation of such as have reason to say, "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places," obtaining names to the temperance pledge, subscribers to the *Advocate*, children for the Sabbath-school, &c., &c., in a word, performing wisely the missionary work needing to be done at home. As we witnessed the cheerful alacrity manifested by those present in enrolling their names anew for this service, we could but wish that all our faithful co-laborers in other sections, might be stimulated, by their example, to similar walks of usefulness. Several friends met during our absence gave us pleasing intelligence from adopted children, once among our Home flock, and also testified to the unabated interest in our work in sundry sections where they had recently journeyed. We would fain have complied with invitations to remain longer, for our hearts were drawn toward these kind fellow-helpers, but duty beckoned away.

Those who love Autumn in its richest, saddest dress could not fail to appreciate a ride through Danbury and its suburbs. The side-walks of the principal street some three miles in length, are shaded by noble elms, and fine maples, the growth of half a century, covered with foliage of varied hues. Above their waving branches the tall spires of the churches point heavenward, while the miniature mountains almost environ the village, like the hills round about Jerusalem.

The population of the town is said to be some 5000. Blessed with competence, where wealth is not given, favored with peace and quietness, with abundant Christian privileges; the best seminaries of learning, harmony among the various denominations, and a manifest desire to do good as they have opportunity, what desirable facilities are enjoyed for happiness and usefulness. And this pleasant spot is but a type of hundreds at the North still blessed with similar privileges. May none of the favored recipients ever have cause to exclaim,

"How blessings brighten
As they take their flight."

OUR ANNUAL DONATION VISIT.

THE Annual Donation Visit at the Home, 32 East 30th St., has been appointed on Thursday, Nov. 27th. Friends and patrons are cordially invited to be present between the hours of 3 and 8 o'clock P. M. Exercises by the children in the Home Chapel will be interspersed with addresses by clergymen and others present, and the occasion made one of interest. We hope to see many familiar faces, and as many strangers as friends can induce to come.

In these dark days will it not do us all good to meet where sorrowing childhood with its trusting faith is made happy by kindly offerings. Let none be deterred from coming because they may have less to bestow than in former years. Their mite may be among the richest gifts.

Our friends in the rural districts, whose crops have been abundant will not forget the needy. Vegetables, dried fruit, or garments, made or unmade, will aid in furnishing the much-needed supplies for the coming winter, and "free-will offerings" of any sort that can be applied to the work will be most gratefully appreciated. Pastors of churches will confer a special favor by bespeaking for our institution a remembrance in the usual collections by their congregations on Thanksgiving Day.

IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS.

AN unknown contributor sends us the following practical thoughts upon a theme of lasting moment to both parents and children. Our sheet has rung changes upon it from time to time, still we must not dismiss the topic, so long as every week continues to present new victims of false education, and misjudging parental kindness. If every mother, and especially every father, among our patrons, should read and ponder these suggestions, and act with a wise reference to the truths they utter, the blessing of children and children's children would hallow their memories, and their names deserve to be enrolled among the truest benefactors of the race. Could they for a single year occupy the post of observation assigned to our Home Managers, they would need no further incentives to guard their own loved ones, as far as possible, from the evils indicated by our correspondent.

EVIL AND ITS REMEDY.

SUFFICIENT measures are not taken for preventing suffering and crime. How few virtuous young women are aided in preparing themselves for remunerative labor, or obtain-

ing such labor when qualified, while efforts are very extensively made to rescue those that have fallen. Must a woman commit the unpardonable sin before her condition is attended to. Is sin to be thus encouraged? a premium paid to vileness! God forbid that such a course should long continue.

The principal causes of loss of chastity in our large cities may be ranged under three heads. 1st. A majority of females being raised without acquiring any pursuit by which to earn an honest livelihood. 2. The low wages paid for female labor. 3. The inability to obtain employment. These three classes comprise nearly all women that have fallen from virtue's path. We will treat the subject under the heads mentioned, and see what measures can be taken to check the fast increasing evil that is drawing so many women into perdition. 1st. The defective education of females is a fruitful source of misery. A father should grant to his daughters the same training in some business employment that he does his sons; his heart would then beat less anxiously if a reverse of fortune overtakes him. He knows his daughters will have something upon which to rely. Or, if carried off by death he can more easily resign them to the harsh severities of the world. Have your daughters learn trades and professions as well as your sons, and then if you are able to support them let them lay aside the execution of such duties, if they desire it, only to be used in an emergency. If one daughter has a talent for drawing and painting, let her learn to paint portraits, or large, handsome landscapes, in oil; if no taste for this let her become a good translator of languages, or if talent enough, an authoress, or if partial to music, become proficient in it, or if possessing a mathematical mind, pursue that branch extensively; or any science to which fondness or nature directs; if without inclination or taste for pursuits of this kind, let her acquire some industrial branch. Every facility for obtaining a knowledge of various branches of business should be rendered to children. Parents would find it to the interest and advantage of their children to take them to see the operation of printing, telegraphing, the manufacture of textile fabrics, the working of metals, &c. Give your daughters independence of character, but found it on a correct, womanly sense of propriety. Impress upon them the fact that in the possession of an education and a practical knowledge of some employment, they will possess a treasure that may be highly useful in case they ever become dependent on their own resources. Teach them to look upon the acquisition of such knowledge not as a task, but a privilege. Some parents object, that daughters will lose much of the home feeling by this training; such parents may rest assured that the love of home is so strong in woman's nature that such fears will not be realized. They will not love their homes the less, and they will not be less willing to accept a home of their

own, at the same time will not be tempted by a sense of dependence to sacrifice themselves. No, home and its endearments will ever be uppermost in their hearts, minds, and exertions. They can better appreciate their own individual worth as wives. They can better understand the holy and responsible duties connected with marriage, its privileges and sanctities. If you give your daughters a pursuit you need not then toil to secure fortunes for them, which may prove a bait to idle or worthless spendthrifts, that will squander what you have toiled to accumulate. Nor will your daughters be so likely to barter their affections and independence for the wealth of a coarse-souled man. How often do we see young ladies defer their marriage until their affianced have accumulated wealth by their own exertions, while they live idly and uselessly during the time. To such ladies I would say, better marry and assist your husband in making a home. You will be happier in doing so, and feel more entitled to it when obtained. That which we earn by hard labor becomes endeared to us. Such marriages will be most happy.

Some say, Why give a girl a trade or profession when she will be sure to give it up after marriage. It will not be lost. The knowledge and discipline of mind gained, will help her to rear her children as she should, and impart to them useful knowledge and form business habits in them. Her husband, though a good man, may fail in business or she may become a penniless widow; her acquaintance with business will then be invaluable. Parents when they look upon their daughters, young, gay and happy, think not of the changes in feeling and disposition that may take place in the course of ten or fifteen years, if they have nothing to employ their time and talents. If your daughters do not marry they will be discontented if idle and unemployed, but if engaged in active employment, in benevolent works, and doing good as they have opportunity they will pass through the world respected and beloved. If they marry they will need industrious habits even more. Rich people are apt to raise their children in idleness, a habit that can never be entirely conquered. But children will find employment of some kind and as they grow older are sure to seek it. If they fall under bad influences they are more tempted to do wrong. In years of childhood and youth cultivate industrious habits in your children, impress upon both boys and girls that if they live they will have to be employed; and tell them the cold philosophy of the world. "He that helps himself, I am ready to help, but he that cannot help himself may get assistance where he can." It is inhuman, cruel, to raise children so tenderly, so effeminately, that when the biting winds of later life sweep over them they are chilled, frozen. Parents should assist their children in selecting some one channel for the exercise of their thoughts, talents and energies; we would not have parents put their dull or lazy

children to pursuits requiring study, for exercise of the mind requires more perseverance and industry than exercise of the body. Children of weak bodies and active minds are best fitted for professions; those with strong physical frames are best suited to mechanical and out-door labors. We doubt not but the most healthy vocations are those in which there is a happy blending of mental and physical labor. Sometimes the mind is stunted in its growth by too constant and unchanging exercise of mental faculties. Encourage children inclined to sedentary habits to take exercise in the open air; let it be gradually entered into and regularly continued, then may your children have strength to contend successfully with the various giants that beset the journey of life. We would urge upon those people engaged in benevolent works the fact that girls whose parents are poor or trifling, as much want something to look forward to, as a pecuniary support, as boys do. If some branch of industry is opened to their energies and they are properly encouraged they will be likely to display quite as much patience, industry, and perseverance, as those of the other sex. Give them some definite employment. Why should not the minds and hands of girls be trained just as well as those of boys? Are the thoughts of girls purer or less susceptible of a wrong direction if left to idleness? Or are there more ways in which they can earn an honest livelihood? I was told by a New York City missionary that many of the abandoned women of New York are highly accomplished women, and a few even thoroughly educated. I asked this excellent man why this was so. He replied that it was mostly owing to the death of relations, the loss of property, unfitness by education to labor, and failure in obtaining such employment as they were accustomed to and able to execute. I thought of the words of a lady writer, "As long as fathers regard the sex of a child as a reason why it should not be taught to gain its own bread, so long must woman be degraded."

WHO WILL VOLUNTEER?

"Do not hesitate to tell us what we can do to help you," said a kind friend from a distant village, "we are more than willing to do so; we esteem it a privilege." This remark, coming from an earnest, loving heart, has seemed like a pleasant echo ever since. The assurance that many feel thus, notwithstanding all their past labors for the country and its home charities, leads us again to comply with the request to give a brief statement of our present wants.

First, we want food and clothing, shoes, hose, etc., for our large Home family.

Second, we want immediately three or four thousand plain winter garments for destitute, ragged children gathered into our Home

Industrial schools, and thereby brought under salutary and saving influences. Second-hand garments or other articles that can be used by the worthy poor, will also be gratefully received and wisely disbursed by our faithful Committees, whose long experience has given them skill and discretion in this service.

Labor systematized and rightly divided, is soon accomplished.

Now if there would come forward a few volunteers in every section where our paper is taken, who would pass through their respective neighborhoods and collect from each family the little voluntary offering they may feel it a privilege to give—not refusing the pence or postage stamps toward freight, etc., then invite the aid of some good brother, not "gone to the war," in getting the articles boxed and started on their mission, all that is needful would soon be accomplished, and the consciousness earned by every helper and donor, that they had served anew in the great moral battle, and accomplished results securing the approval of the great Captain of our salvation. Who will volunteer?

Our Book Table.

Uncle Paul's Stories for Boys and Girls.

Published by the Am. Tract Society, Boston. J. G. Broughton, Agent, New York.

A very beautiful volume, 12mo., square, elegantly bound and filled with numerous fine engravings. The book is divided into short chapters, so attractive in style, that children will not tire in reading, and no narrative is without a moral, designed to make a lasting and salutary impression. We commend it to parents and teachers as a gift for the holidays with which the juveniles will be not only delighted, but profited. If possible, give to all the little ones who can read, some of the good books, published by this excellent Society.

Sonnie—our Little Lamb. Published as above.

A true narrative of a good child, early gone "to be an angel." A well-written record, suited to the capacity of childhood, attractive and impressive.

The Am. Tract Society's Almanac for 1863.

Published as above.

Whoever wants an almanac, worth thrice its cost, would do well to obtain a copy of that above named. Beside the usual amount of items pertaining to an almanac, it contains varied and important information of special value, and many pages of the best reading for parents and children. We were surprised and gratified to find in it an entire page devoted to the Home, with an accurate engraving of the Institution.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY GEORGE O. BALDWIN, D. D.

GREAT men have always had superior mothers. This is true of almost every man whose name stands high on the historic page, as a statesman or sage, philosopher or poet, warrior or philanthropist. Each of the children of Jochebed possessed the elements, and attained the elevations, in different degrees, of true greatness. Whose hand, under God, planted in their young minds the seeds of those great principles which guided and molded, and gave to immortality their lives? Whose but their mother's hand? Who stood at the fountain head whence their life-streams gushed forth, and directed them into those channels of God-honoring, world-blessing usefulness? Who but their mother?

Pharaoh's daughter said to the Jewish mother, "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages;" and noble woman that she was, she fulfilled her contract. But oh! Jochebed, for her care of her boy, received wages that Thermuthis knew not. Perchance she lived to see his manhood's glory; perchance not. But she received, every day that she did live, wages more precious than Egypt's treasury could give; she received them in her dying hour; they made her pillow soft, death gloom radiant; and to-day, with her son in heaven, she is still receiving them, and will receive them during all the cycles of eternity.

O, mothers, mothers! learn this lesson! have Jochebed's care of your children; her industry in teaching them. Have her God for your helper; her faith for your reliance, and ye shall mold their characters, and "ye shall receive your wages." "Your children shall rise up and call you blessed;" and they shall be blessings to the world. John Quincy Adams said, "All that I am, my mother made me." John Randolph said to a Southern statesman, "I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics. But though this is false, I should have been a French atheist had it not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and causing me to bow at her knee to pray, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'"

Many of us to-day are motherless! We saw our mothers die; their death-glances were full of love for us; we kissed those lips pallid in death—which so often, while yet we were unconscious—were pressed to ours. Mournfully we followed their remains to the grave; soft be the breezes that sweep over, and ever fragrant the flowers that bloom around their honored resting-places! Tenderly we cherish their memories!

Young woman, have you a mother? Young man, have you a mother? I charge you before God, to love, to honor, to cherish, to obey her! Little dream you of the tide of love that swells in her heart towards you; little do you know how much she has done for you! or how much

she will do for you! Though all others forsake you, she will not! The greater your danger, the sterner your trials, the darker your ger, the heavier your sorrows, the misfortunes, the closer will she press her throbbing heart to yours—closer entwine its mighty tendrils about you! Not many years hence you will see her in her coffin, and then you will know what it is to lose your earliest, truest, best friend. Study, then, by acts of kindness, by words of affection, and above all, by virtuous, God-fearing, Jesus-loving lives, to gladden her heart and throw sunshine on her path to the grave! and then a dying mother's blessing will be yours, and the holy benediction of your mother's God be upon you evermore! Such is the advice and pledge of the holy Bible! Such is the advice of all the wise and good. And many to-day, amid the cares and busy strife of life can say,

"O, mother, sweetest name on earth,
We lisp it on the knee—
And idolize its sacred worth
In manhood's ministry,
And if I e'er in heaven appear—
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's gentle hand, and tear
That pointed to a Saviour here,
Shall lead the wanderer there."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Dear Friend,—Having read with much interest suggestions in your paper relative to the varied topics of prayer now called for by the signs of the times and the needs of our country, I would dwell upon one alluded to as pointing out a peculiar call for humiliation on the part of the Church for itself.

It was remarked by Everett, in one of his eloquent speeches, "that the South had changed her creed upon the subject of slavery, while the North remained firm on the plane occupied by our forefathers." Would that the remark were altogether true. But, alas! who can read the standards of our earlier churches and not feel how far the North has gone with the South in its downward course. It may be difficult for those, who have breathed the atmosphere of the "Home," to realize that any Christian could refuse to pray for the abolition of slavery or check me from doing so, even in the silence of my own heart. And yet by two persons this has been done and both parties were earnest Christian women. Several of my acquaintance profess to believe slavery divinely sanctioned, if not of divine appointment.

In the days of our revolution Washington could acknowledge, by a courteous letter, the reception of a poem addressed to him by a colored woman. Who now of our rulers would follow his example? Let the voice of our judges, declaring "a slave could have no marital rights"—"a black man no rights that a white man was bound to respect," give answer. Let the teachings of a so-called philosophy,

seeking to degrade the African to the level of the monkey, give answer; let the cruel persecutions and shameful riots against the colored race give answer; nay, let the honest whispers of our own hearts testify how far we have believed in our Christian unity in Jesus, our human brotherhood, or the love of the great Head of the Church to the least of these, His brethren.

Now arises the question. How has the American mind and conscience become thus blinded and hardened? Who is responsible? Let the Word of God answer, "The priest's lips should keep knowledge and men should learn the law at his mouth." God has ordained that we should be dependent upon a preached gospel. Even with an open Bible in our hand, we need the aid of a faithful clergy "rightly to apply the word of truth." When they faithfully declare the whole counsel of God, uninfluenced save by "Christ Jesus and Him crucified," the congregations committed to their care learn, by God's blessing, "obedience to the faith," carrying out in every action of life the principles involved in the life and death of their Redeemer. Then are they truly the salt of the earth. But let the pulpit be silent, or "give forth an uncertain sound," and "who shall prepare himself for battle?"

Oh! could I see ministers and people openly regretting their guilty silence and avowedly returning to the earlier standards of our church on the subject of slavery, as their rule of faith and practice, I should feel that a brighter day was about to dawn for our land. No Christian church in all history has ever occupied the platform on which for years we have stood in this matter. Always and in all places slavery has been denounced as a sin by its canons, whatever might be the conduct of its professors. And as such it has been condemned by the earlier and purer church of our own land. Only of late has the American pulpit ever recognized it as a divine institution or felt it a duty, at least, to suppress all discussion of the subject. And the result of such silence we now reap in a partially-divided North and the weakening influence of pro-slavery councils.

Even if hitherto there has been any excuse for such avoidance of the question of slavery, surely now it can no longer be ignored. To many earnest hearts it seems God is calling upon us to let the people go, ere the fearful wail arise, "In all the land there is not a house in which there is not one dead!" And shall not the pulpit everywhere break its long silence and openly bow in humiliation before God, and then stand forth pleading the great cause of Christian brotherhood, and in words not to be misunderstood, use its God-given influence in behalf of a hapless race, so long wronged, so long oppressed? We are our brother's keeper. May God forgive us if "his blood cry against us" in times past, and in His mercy lead us to fully know and do His will in the present hour of trial and darkness.

J. W.

THE FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS.

MANY are the sad faces we meet everywhere, telling of sadder hearts. We need not ask, why this sorrow?

"The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead."

"Who has not lost a friend?"

"There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair."

Sometimes, as we see one after another of our loved ones pass away from earth, our bleeding hearts send forth the cry, Where shall we find an undying friend, a comforter in every "trial hour?" There is One over whom the "king of terrors" has no power, for He has vanquished him. But can we have this great conqueror for our friend, will He comfort the poor and lowly of earth? List to His answer; "I am come to bind up the broken-hearted," "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But more than this, He will not only comfort us while here, not only give us rest while we travel on life's journey, but He is now preparing a home for us, a "home for the friendless," where we shall be friendless no more, for this Friend of ours, is gathering all our loved ones there to meet us. They are already being "led beside the still waters and through the green pastures" of that eternal home, and who is their leader? None other than the Friend of the friendless—the Saviour of mankind.

Let us by perfect obedience to God's every law strive to gain this Saviour for our friend, then when life is ended we shall be friendless and homeless no more.—*Journal of the Home.*

HOUSE COMMITTEE'S REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER.

Wednesday, Sept. 3. A beautiful, cool, clear day, and everything in nature looking cheerful and happy. A goodly number of us have met at the "Home," having returned from the country, invigorated and prepared for our duties for the winter. But with what sad hearts we meet, none can tell but those who have the same cause for alarm. Our beloved country is in peril and the news this morning is disheartening. The rebels have invaded our loyal states, and our capitol is in danger. We hear of such terrible battles, and our sons and brothers are being cut down in such fearful numbers, that we feel we have indeed cause for sadness and alarm. We meet, feeling that "vain is the help of man," and our only dependence is upon God. He alone can help us in this our time of need. We were constrained to cast our cares and burdens on the Lord, and may the many fervent prayers offered at this time be as sweet incense, and go up as a memorial before Him who sitteth on the throne, judging righteously, and who has assured us that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice," and that the "hairs of our head are all numbered." We were brought to

feel that we could leave the cause in His hands, that while He is justly chastising us, yet if we humble ourselves before Him and repent of our sins, all things will work together for good to them who love and put their trust in Him.

Many of us there assembled had sons and other relatives in the army. A dreadful battle had just been fought and was still raging, thousands had fallen, and in all probability some of our dear ones were among the slain or wounded, and our hearts were drawn out in prayer for their safety. Before our meeting closed one of our number received the sad intelligence that her son was wounded, and our hearts ached for her as she left us to go to the telegraph-office, that she might with lightning speed hear how severe his injuries were, and if living, hasten to his relief. How many homes have been made desolate and hearts caused to bleed since this cruel war commenced, and how dreadful the retribution that must fall upon those that were the cause of it! May God be merciful to us and spare us that we perish not!

There were quite a number of visitors to-day. They expressed themselves well pleased after being shown round the different departments. The good order in our schools among so large a number, and the singing and other exercises were particularly attractive. Several applications that we were not able to supply were made for girls from twelve to fourteen years, to assist in the work of small families, or to have the care of children.

A clergyman called who needed sympathy and advice, which were cheerfully given. Two pretty little children, worse than orphans, were committed to our guardianship; may good homes soon be provided for them.

Friday, Sept. 5. Found several cases in our reception-room waiting to be attended to. A father with his motherless babe, ten months old, in his arms. His long and sad story had been listened to a few days before and thoroughly investigated by the Executive Committee, and he had come to-day to hear the result. He expected soon to sail for England with his two older children who had been under our care, and had been dismissed to go with him. But this little one, what could he do with it? He had had the whole care of it for two or three months, fed, washed and dressed it, which occupied so much of his time that he could do nothing else for the support of himself and family. He had done the best he could, and yet this child was neglected. He wished us to take it and do better by it than he possibly could do. Upon certain conditions, which he complied with as far as was in his power, we concluded to take this little one. He left it, and promised to return in two or three hours to finish up the business arrangement. In the mean time the child received a thorough ablution, and when dressed in as suitable garments as our scanty wardrobe afforded, presented such a changed appearance that I doubt

whether even the father would immediately have recognized it. Having a few cases of measles in our nursery, we did not like to expose this "new-comer," so we immediately sent it out to board, where we trust it will be well cared for. The father returned, and after transacting his business and thanking us, saying, "he should ever remember with gratitude the American ladies for their kindness to him and his," asked if he might see his babe and give it one more kiss before he left.

A pretty little boy brought in by Miss D. was received and also sent out to board. A little boy who was begging, was induced to attend our Boys' School No. 2. He was so dirty and neglected that he could not be admitted until he had been thoroughly washed and combed. He had also a little brother and they lived with their grandmother, who was sick. She was visited and found to be approaching her end, and so destitute that it had long been necessary for these boys to go out and beg for their support. Her immediate wants were provided for, and these boys, being orphans, she was questioned as to her willingness to have them taken away to a good home. She at first could not consent, but afterward said they would be much better off and that they might go. They were brought to the "Home" to-day to await a change in their grandmother. The next day she was visited and found almost gone, and quite insensible to the Catholic ceremonies being performed around her. On her breast lay a large wooden crucifix and on it a lighted candle was placed, which was burning quite near her face. What a strange delusion to think that burning candle could light her soul through the "dark valley." "As the tree falleth so it lieth." She soon died and after the funeral services were over the "sons of the church" must be looked after and secured. Consequently we were duly apprised that the priest was waiting to receive these boys and provide for them. A distant relative called to take them with her, and they left very reluctantly. Willie said he would rather stay. In a few days he returned to us, bringing his little bundle with him, and said he would not leave us again.

A girl of sixteen years, who left Dublin about four weeks since with a brother and sister, is before us. Her brother enlisted last week and she is separated from her sister, and being a stranger in the city, knows not where to go, asks admittance here and is received.

A young soldier who called to inquire after his two brothers and sister, committed to the "Home" some years since, expressed much pleasure at the good report we were able to give him. He left his likeness for one of his brothers. Although this young man had been wounded twice and carried one of the balls in his side, he still expressed his determination to return to his regiment.

Wednesday, Sept. 10. Although a most lovely day we had comparatively few applications.

Several visitors, friends from the West, who knew of the Institution through our useful periodical, called, and after being shown over the building expressed much pleasure and did not leave without putting in our hand a substantial proof of it. We had quite a number of applications for domestics and a number of girls who wished places, all of which were supplied as far as we were able.

A girl from Canada, who had come to the city to find her relatives, had been unsuccessful, and being entirely destitute of money and friends, asked a home for a few days until she could get a situation; she was received.

One of our "little ones" has gone to his eternal home to-day, another is very sick and cannot survive the night. These children were very delicate when received and could not live through an attack of measles.

Friday, 13th. A very rainy day. Three children were dismissed at the request of parents.

Conclusion of Home and School Reports in our next.

Correspondence.

A CORRESPONDENT in Western New York, alluding to the departure of new regiments etc., says:

"Men of years and children, are almost all that are left; and now while the question is asked, 'What shall we do?' is it not answered in part by the performance of a duty incumbent on all. Be parents to children who are left fatherless. How many, many a home is left desolate by the absence of one who has fallen in his country's cause; and boys are left without a father's care, of all ages under fifteen and sixteen, and they must be employed, in order that they may be useful, and some one must employ them. I think it is a duty devolved on the community at large, to take these boys and be parents to them. I for one would be willing to take another who was willing to work, and be happy in a country life. One that I had from the Home when he was eleven, and kept him till turned eighteen, is gone to the war. Our third son enlisted on the first call of the President, and now our second and youngest sons are going, and we shall be among those left desolate. We have a child now who needed a home, and a father to govern him, but would like a respectable lad of good size, over twelve or thirteen. Let every one who loves his country and wants to do something for it in this hour of need, take one or more of these fatherless ones and care for them, and train them up in the way they should go, and they shall be blessed in their deed."

New Rutland, Ill., October 9th, 1862.

Editress of Advocate and Guardian.—Not being able to do anything in the way of dollars and cents for the "Home," I thought I would make an effort to extend the circulation of the "Advocate and Guardian," and in that way

bring the cause of the "Home" before the minds of some, who could and would do something for it. Enclosed you will please find advance payment for a club of eleven subscribers, as the result of my effort. I hope I shall be able occasionally to add names to the club, and thus cast in my mite.

"Go on, noble "Home," in your thrice-blessed labors of love. With your "Aarons" and "Hurs," continue to stay up the hands of our brave soldiers in the battle-fields of freedom. With your garment-making and food-giving "Dorcas" continue to clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, and with your "*Advocate and Guardian*," continue to strike sure and heavy blows at slavery, till its broken chains shall fall from the last slave on American soil.

Yours, in Christian love,
M. Cross.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 27, 1862.

To the Editress of the *Advocate and Guardian*.—Interested as you are in the progress of our Redeemer's kingdom especially among the "outlying," I would strengthen your heart by informing you of the inauguration of a "city mission" here. A large and influential meeting was held in this place last evening in the lecture-room of the first Presbyterian Church to hear the first "monthly report" of the missionary, Rev. I. Lyle. The character of the work, which seems most thorough, may be inferred from the facts related; and the appeals which he presented, and which are embodied in his address are such that you may be stimulated to present from your earnest pen a plea for the perishing at our doors. Why should not a similar organization exist for every twenty thousand of a population! Each resident in a district comes beneath the missionary's eye. By replies to tabulated queries he arrives at a knowledge of their spiritual condition. Pastors co-operate with him and seek in their official capacity, to induce souls to hear of Jesus in the sanctuary. Each child in a district is regarded by the missionary and his assistant visitors. The poor and sick are not neglected. Itinerating household prayer-meetings are often sweet seasons of spiritual reunion—spots where showers fall on thirsty souls. The mother's meeting evokes the faith of those who are importunate for the deliverance of their loved ones from spiritual death, and the lonely heart of the "wanderer" may no longer sigh as it sings

"Oh, it is pitiful
In a whole city full
Friends to have none!"

I know of no kind of organization which is more hopeful of blessed results. The prayers, sympathies and efforts of God's people of every denomination can go with it. It is a centre in a city around which all live souls roll!

Yours, in Jesus.

DIED, in Martinsburgh, June 29th. 1862.
Anna V. Crandall widow of the late Rev. Abel

L. Crandall, aged 76. In early life she professed the religion of Jesus, and was a worthy helper to her husband in his faithful and successful labors in the ministry. Although a sincere friend to every good work, since the commencement of the Home Institution, she has devoted her most ardent labors to its welfare by obtaining subscribers for the *Advocate*, which was a favorite paper from the beginning, and soliciting aid for the society in addition to her labors for the same so far as her very feeble health for many years would allow.

She lived with her daughter, but during the summer months made frequent visits among former friends, in which her theme was always "something for the Home." In this way she collected much, which with untiring industry she made into small garments, stockings, and many valuable and beautiful bed-quilts (her favorite work.) A few short weeks before her death, as she placed her threaded needle in her nearly-finished quilt, she said, "I can do no more." Her mind was full of peace and comfort to the last, and just as the closing Sabbath sun was setting she was called to an eternal Sabbath of rest, receiving that blessed welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

L. C. HUGH.

DIED, in Evans, Erie Co., New-York, Aug. 14th, 1862. Miss Betsey C. Boies, aged 47 years. In the death of Miss B. your Society has lost an earnest friend. While she sympathized in every work of Christian benevolence, she was a special friend of the cause in which your Society is engaged. She was deeply interested in the labors of the lamented McDowell, and has been a subscriber to your paper since its first publication; she loved its high moral standard and deep-toned piety, and was ever ready to recommend it to the favorable notice of others. She felt an anxious solicitude for the prosperity of your Home for the Friendless, and did what she could, (in connection with others, towards furnishing supplies for its Dorcas-room.) She was also a devoted friend of the Sabbath-school, and was always found at the post of duty when health would permit. As a Christian she was eminently devoted and highly attentive to the requirements of the Gospel.

To her widowed mother (now in her 78th year, and with whom she has always lived,) she was ever faithful, affectionate, and kind in all filial duties. Her friends mourn her loss but feel that to her it was gain to die. O.

MISSION OF THE CHILDREN.

"SENT here to guide us to Him."

"We are most happy to be able to report favorably concerning "our sweet little daughter." She is now seven years of age, a good girl and a great comfort to us. She is generally healthy. We feel that we have great cause for gratitude to our Heavenly Father that while

death has during the past season taken so many dear children from our midst, thereby making so many homes desolate, our dear little girl is yet spared to us, we can not now see how we could well do without her. She has not yet attended school, I have endeavored to teach her at home. She enjoys play so much that it is rather difficult to fix her mind upon her books, but I do not apprehend any trouble in this regard as she shall grow older. She attends church and Sabbath-school regularly. She is easily governed, is remarkably truthful, very conscientious, loves to talk about Jesus, and Heavenly things. Her father made a public profession of religion a few months since, previous to which Ellie's questions often puzzled him sorely. "Pa, (she would say,) do you love Jesus? why don't you pray before going to bed as Ma and I do? He often says that he could not let such reproofs pass unheeded. I feel that our Heavenly Father has sent this darling child here to guide us to Him.

I hope we may be enabled to train her in the paths of usefulness and trust that we are not relying upon our own strength for the accomplishment of this end. Ellie cherishes a strong regard for the "Home ladies," which we wish her to cultivate. One word in regard to an important item. Can the Society give papers which shall cause the child to become an heir.

Yours, truly,

M. R.

DO RIGHT.

AWAKE, O soul, thy hours are fleeting,
Thy life is rapidly completing,
Time with eternity is meeting,
Soon comes the night.
Thy retribution, too, will come,
According to thy state, thy doom.
Do right, do right.

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,
And tempests burst around thy head,
Though life its greenest foliage shed,
In sorrow's blight;
And though thy holy hopes and fears
Lie buried 'neath the gathering years—
Do right, do right.

The warring element's worst wrath.
The earthquake and the whirlwind's breath,
The valley and the shade of death,
Need not affright;
For duty's calm commanding form,
With rainbow arms shall clasp the storm.
Do right, do right.

Faint not in all the weary strife,
Though every day with toil be rife,
Work is the element of life,
Action is light;
For man is made to toil and strive,
And only those who labor, live.
Do right, do right.

Life is not all a fleeting dream,
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam,
A bubble on the floating stream,
Soon lost to sight;
For there's a work for every hour—
In every passing word a power—
Do right, do right.

O! life is full of solemn thought,
And noble deeds if nobly wrought—
With fearful consequences fraught,—
And there is might—
If gathered in each passing hour,
That gives the soul unearthly power.
Do right, do right.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

OF DONATIONS TO THE
HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,

From Sept. 25th to Oct. 10th, 1862.

HOME.

Vt. —Flora Agnes Gray, deceased, Townshend, per J. G. Broughton.....	2 00
Conn. —Mrs Harriet Beers, Newtown.....	5 00
N. Y. —"Little Ellen," found in box.....	21
W. H. Smith, 31st Regt. N. Y. S. V., Phoenix.....	50
Mrs Lydia Gifford, Brockport.....	10 00
A. Friend, Rome.....	25
S. School, Enfield Centre, per Rev. M. E. Arkills, Juvenile Missionary Society, Bedford.....	2 00
Little Freddy, Cornwallville.....	2 00
A. W., Canastota.....	05
A Friend, Wright's Corners.....	1 00
A Friend, Yorkville.....	25
From a Reader of the Advocate, Auburn.....	3 00
Mrs C. E. Thompson, Hartford.....	75
A Friend, Ballston Spa.....	1 00
Nellie, Madison.....	5 00
Mrs James Suydam, Astoria, per Mrs R. M. Buchanan.....	2 00
Mrs (Rev.) N. Allen, per M. A. Dutton, Springville.....	1 00
Mrs Avery, Albany.....	25
Mrs Mills, Schenectady.....	1 00
Mrs Ponda's Infant Class, Schenectady.....	50
M. M. Jones, Schenectady.....	50
N. Y. City. —Rev. E. Morris.....	50
Murray Fund, per Wm. F. Mott.....	50 00
N. J. —Mrs H. Wilson, Morristown, freight.....	1 00
Pa. —Mary Bevan, Scranton.....	25
O. —S. Straight, Esq., Cincinnati.....	7 50
Mrs D. Haines, Poland.....	50
Mrs Myron Whiting, Austinburg, per Mrs A. D. Barber.....	5 00
Ind. —M. E. Burt, Lafayette, for a soldier's family.....	1 00
Mich. —A. N. Daniels, 60c, Francis Daniels, 30c, M. Green, 10c, a S. S. Class, Troy.....	1 00
Wis. —Mrs F. Boorman, Pewaukee.....	1 00
China. —A Friend, Canton.....	20 00

LIFE MEMBERS.

Conn. —E. P. Fairchild, Danbury, to apply on 2d payt. of his wife's, Mrs M. W. Fairchild's L. M.	5 00
N. J. —Mrs C. Kirk, Belvidere, to constitute Mrs M. Parmelee, Caldwell, N. Y., Mrs Eliphalet Wickes, Albany, N. Y. and Mrs George H. Penniman, N. Y. City, L. M.'s.....	60 00
N. Y. City. —A Friend, to complete the L. M.'s, of Mrs W. R. Starkweather, Brooklyn, N. Y. and Mrs A. D. Patterson, Folsom, California.....	15 00

Clothing and Provisions.

Rec'd from Sept. 25th to Oct. 10th, 1862.

Mass. —Lee, a box of quilts, clothing, dried fruit and a few articles for salesroom, from Mrs Bathsheba Bradley.....	
Conn. —Waterbury, a barrel of clothing and a quilt, from a few ladies, per Mrs R. M. Barnes.....	
Newtown, a boys' head cap from Mrs H. Beers.....	
Upton, 22 basted handkerchiefs from Mrs Moore.....	
Parcel of hose, etc., from Mrs T. Ball, Danbury.....	
Larkspur seed from Mrs Botsford, Danbury.....	
N. Y. —Clinton, a package of hoods, and 2 prs. socks, from Mrs Williams.....	
Summerville, a box of quilts, clothing, a few articles for salesroom and dolls from Mrs Read.....	
Clay, a box of quilts, clothing and dried cherries from Mrs H. E. Burrows and other friends.....	
New Hartford, 1 barrel of crab apples from Mr Samuel Wells.....	
Nassau, a barrel of provisions, clothing, and basted work from Mrs G. H. Fosmire, and 12 yds. tatting from Mrs L. E. Lind.....	
East Delhi, a box of quilts, and clothing from Mrs R. D. Frisbee, Delhi, and Miss Emeline U. Graham and little Charley W. Graham, West Meredith.....	
Gaines, a box of quilts, clothing, apples and cheese from the F. M. Reform Society.....	
Greenwich, a parcel of clothing and material for patch-work for Ind. School, No. 2, from friends, per Mrs. Dr. Stephen Smith.....	
Bedford, a quilt and clothing from the ladies of the Pres. church and a parcel of clothing from the Juvenile Missionary Society.....	

Thompson Station, 2 barrels of potatoes from Mr. E. F. Richardson.
Brooklyn, a nest of fancy boxes for bazaar from the Misses Cooper.
Mott Haven, a basket of grapes from Mrs. Sarah Fawcett.
Morrisania, " " " " Mrs. J. O. Angell.

N. Y. City.—a package of clothing for the boys, and handkerchiefs to hem for the girls of Ind. School from Mrs P. H. H.

A package of clothing from Mrs H. Johnson.

" " " " Mrs Wilmart.

A basket of apples from Pacific Mutual Ins. Co.

A basket of peaches from Alfred Edwards.

Package clothing from Mrs A. Wight.

N. J.—A barrel of apples from friends, per Mrs M. I. Hubbard.

A barrel of apples from Mrs Wilson, Morristown.

Mich.—Madison, a package of quilts from Mrs L. Prince.

Ohio.—Cleveland, a parcel of stockings and yarn from Sarah Burger.

Unknown.—44 garments and a large package of books, for wounded soldiers.

Package containing 2 quilts, 2 cradle quilts and 2 pair stockings.

WANTED.—By a competent and judicious young lady, a situation as Governess for children in the English branches, either in a family or school; would also be willing to attend to the mending, provided the school hours were abbreviated; or would take charge of an invalid. Prefers the country. Salary not so much an object as a congenial, Christian home. Address Governess, Box 4740, N. Y. City. Reference may be made to the Officers of the Society.

MRS. S. A. EVANS, Dealer in Threads, Needles, Corsets Hosiery, Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Fancy Goods, Perfumery and Stationery, No. 420 Fourth Avenue, one door from 30th Street, New York. 624

☞ Packages—not letters—shoul be marked :

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS,
29 East 29th Street, New York.
Care
A. Chapman, (Healey's Express, Pier 16, N. R.

A list of articles, with donors' names and post-office address, should be enclosed in package, and another similar list sent by mail, stating when the package was forwarded.

NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are nyited to attend without further notice.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS.—ALL persons remitting funds to this office are requested to avoid inclosing soiled or defaced POSTAGE STAMPS, which are worthless and cannot be acknowledged as cash.

☞ Special Notice to Advertisers. ☞

☞ Advertisements of MEDICINES are not admitted

Owing to the rapid increase in our circulation, we are compelled to raise the price of Advertising to 20 cents a line, (Nonpareil, each insertion. Business Notices, 40 cents a line, (Minion.) These prices are lower than any paper of equal circulation.

Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would use the following :

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$—, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXVII.

THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society and *Home for the Friendless*, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of forty thousand.

The object of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations, to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

TERMS:—\$1 per annum, in advance; \$5 for ten copies enclosed in one wrapper, and sent to one address; and at the same rate for any additional number.

☞ If those who are now gathering seeds and herbs for future use would take the trouble to put up a paper of larkspur seed, mark and slip it in some corner of the next Home box to be sent, they would confer a special favor. It is a much-needed article for our medicine case, and while of small value where it grows abundantly, is quite expensive, if bought of city druggists.

Plain clothing for women, and for children over eight years old, especially sacques, hose and shoes, are much needed at the Home.

☞ Fall fruits, meal, potatoes, &c., are much wanted by our Home family. Knowing that they are quite abundant in some sections of the country, we venture to ask that those who have them will remember the poor children, whose caretakers have no orchards from which to gather supplies. Will not some of our former "Home children," that live in the rural districts, ask permission to help gather up the falling fruit, and send a tenth to 29 E. 29th St. If they should do so, the little ones here would give them three cheers.

TO DONORS.—Small Packages, sent to the City by private hand may be left at either of the following places :

Hubbard and Gillette, dealers in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., 18 Cortlandt Street.

Jas. O. Bennett, Commission Merchant, New Produce Exchange, Cor. Whitehall & Pearl.

Aims of the Am. Female Guardian Soc.

1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

Wants.—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses.



"HOME" CHARITY BAZAAR.

For the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless.

The Managers of the HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS propose to hold a CHARITY BAZAAR, in aid of this Institution, during the second week in December next, at the Home Chapel, 29 E. 29th Street.

Useful articles, of every description, are solicited, especially ready-made clothing, for children or adults, of a quality that, if not transmuted into funds, may be used with economy for our large Home household.

The state of the country renders untiring exertions needful to meet the increasing necessities of our work. The Bazaar—as formerly—will be conducted on Christian principles, "giving none occasion to speak reproachfully."

Whatever may be contributed to this object will be duly acknowledged, and gratefully appreciated.

RULES.

- 1.—The Bazaar shall be under the special direction of a Committee of Arrangements, consisting of eleven ladies, duly appointed by the Board of Managers.
- 2.—The location and contents of the tables shall be designated by said Committee.
- 3.—The Committee of Arrangements shall supervise the prices charged for articles. No exorbitant charges to be allowed, and change in all cases to be returned to purchasers.
- 4.—Lotteries, post-offices, grab-bags, fortune-telling, drawing by numbers, etc., are to be strictly prohibited.
- 5.—Nothing shall be furnished to any person from the refreshment table except upon receipt of the regular charges.
- 6.—The Bazaar shall open at 11 o'clock A. M. and close at 10 P. M., from Monday, Dec. 8th, to Saturday, Dec. 13th.
- 7.—Admission, 10 cts; children, half price. Season Tickets, 25 cts.

BAZAAR COMMITTEE.

MRS. S. J. GOODENOUGH, *Chairman*.
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 " R. M. BUCHANAN, " J. C. ANGELL,
 " J. W. BAKER, " E. C. BENEDICT,
 " JAMES BAYLES, " N. BAILEY,
 " H. C. CREHORE, " A. WIGHT,
 MRS. S. N. HYDE.

SUB-COMMITTEES.

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600,000 MALE OR FEMALE AGENTS TO SELL

LLOYD'S NEW STEEL PLATE COUNTY COLORED MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADAS AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

From recent surveys, completed Aug. 10, 1862; cost \$20,000 to engrave it and one year's time.

Superior to any \$10 map ever made by Colton or Mitchell, and sells at the low price of fifty cents; 370,000 names are engraved on this map.

It is not only a County Map, but it is also a COUNTY AND RAILROAD MAP of the United States and Canadas combined in one, giving EVERY RAILROAD STATION and distances between.

Guarantee any woman or man \$3 to \$5 per day, and will take back all maps that cannot be sold and refund the money.

Send for \$1 worth to try. Printed instructions how to canvass well, furnished all our agents.

Wanted—Wholesale Agents for our Maps in every State, California, Canada, England, France and Cuba. A fortune may be made with a few hundred dollars capital. *No Competition.* J. T. LLOYD, No. 164 Broadway, New York.

The War Department uses our map of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, cost \$100,000, on which is marked Antietam Creek, Sharpsburg, Maryland Heights, Williamsport Ferry, Rhoadersville, Noland's Ford, and all others on the Potomac, and every other place in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, or money refunded.

LLOYD'S

TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF KENTUCKY, OHIO, INDIANA, and ILLINOIS,

is the only authority for Gen. Buell, and the War Department. Money refunded to any one finding an error in it. Price 50 cents.

From the Tribune, Aug. 2.

"LLOYD'S MAP OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND PENNSYLVANIA.—This Map is very large; its cost is but 25 cents, and it is the best which can be purchased."

LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER—From Actual Surveys by Capts. Bart and Wm. Bowen, Mississippi River Pilots, of St. Louis, Mo., shows every man's plantation and owner's name from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico—1,350 miles—every sand bar, island, town, landing, and all places 20 miles back from the river—colored in counties and States. Price \$1 in sheets. \$2, pocket form, and \$2.50 on linen, with rollers. Ready Sept. 20.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Sept. 17, 1862.

J. T. LLOYD—*Sir*: Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as are required for use of that squadron.

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

HOME

Insurance Company of New York.

OFFICE 112 & 114 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

ASSETS, 1ST JAN., 1860, 1,458,396 28
 LIABILITIES, " 42,580 43

This Company continues to Insure Buildings, Merchandise Ships in Port and their Cargoes, Household Furniture and Personal Property Generally, against Loss or Damage by FIRE, on favorable Terms.

Losses Equitably Adjusted and Promptly paid.

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Rushton's Walnut Candy—A WHOLESOME CONFECTION—SOMETHING NEW—Wholesale and Retail at the old establishment, No. 10 Astor House, cor. Barclay St., N. Y. Don't buy any without the ball IS UP on it.

N. J. Steamboat Company.

THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF STEAMERS, NEW WORLD, CAPT. A. P. ST. JOHN, and ISAAC NEWTON, CAPT. W. H. PECK,

Leave ALBANY every evening, (Sundays excepted) from Steamboat Square, on the arrival of the STEAMBOAT EXPRESS from BUFFALO.

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All FREIGHT consigned to People's Line at ALBANY will be promptly delivered in NEW YORK, on commodious and sheltered docks.

Freight is received in NEW YORK for all points WEST Rates are as low as by any other Line. 622

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

MINISTERS, who occasionally present to their people the claims of the Society, can receive the paper free of charge. We shall be glad to hear from all those now receiving it, as the list is being revised.

Please always send post-office address—including COUNTY and STATE—in every letter; it saves much trouble, and prevents delay.

Postage on this Paper, in the State of New York, 6c. a year in advance. Out of New York State, 12c. a year, payable at the post-office, where the paper is received.

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[No. 657. November 1, 1862.]